Por. Have by ſome Surgeon *Shilocke* on your charge,
To ſtop his wounds, leſt he do bleed to death.
Iew. Is it ſo nominated in the Bond?
Por. It is not ſo expreſt, but what of that?
Twere good you do ſo much for charity.
Iew. I cannot finde it, tis not in the Bond.
Por. You Merchant, have you any thing to ſay?
Ant. But little; I am arm'd and well prepar'd;
Give me your hand *Baſſanio*, fare you well,
Greeve not that I am faine to this for you:
For herein Fortune ſhowes her ſelfe more kind
Then is her cuſtome: it is ſtill her uſe
To let the wretched man out-live his wealth,
To view with hollow eye and wrinkled brow,
An age of poverty: from which lingring pennance
Of ſuch miſery doth ſhe cut me off.
Commend me to your honourable wife,
Tell her the proceſſe of *Anthonio's* end,
Say how I lov'd you, ſpeak me faire in death:
And when the Tale is told, bid her be judge,
Whether *Baſſanio* had not once a Love:
Repent but you that you ſhall looſe your friend,
And he repents not that he payes your debt:
For if the Iew do cut but deep enough,
Ile pay it inſtantly with all my heart.
Baſſ. *Anthonio*, I am married to a wife,
Which is as deere to me as life it ſelfe,
But life it ſelfe, my wife, and all the world,
Are not with me eſteem'd above thy life.
I would loſe all, I, ſacrifize them all
Here to this Devill, to deliver you.
Por. Your wife would give you little thanks for that,
If ſhe were by to heare you make the offer.
Gra. I have a wife, who I proteſt I love,
I would ſhe were in heaven, ſo ſhe could
Intreat ſome power to change this curriſh Iew.
Ner. Tis well you offer it behind her back,
The wiſh would make elſe an unquiet houſe.

Iew. Theſe

Iew. Theſe be the Chriſtian
Would any of the ſtocke of
Had been her husband, rathe
We trifle time, I pray thee
Por. A pound of that ſam
The Court awards it, and th
Iew. Moſt rightfull Judg
Por. And you muſt cut t
The law alowes it, and the C
Iew. Moſt learned judge
Por. Tarry a little, there
This Bond doth give thee h
The words expreſly are a po
Take then thy Bond, take th
But in the cutting it, if thou
One drop of Chriſtian bloud
Are by the Lawes of *Venice*
Unto the State of *Venice*.
Grat. O upright Judge,
Marke Iew, O learned Judge
Shy. Is that the Law?
Por. Thy ſelfe ſhalt ſee t
For as thou urgeſt juſtice, be
Thou ſhalt have juſtice more
Grat. O learned judge, m
Iew. I take his offer then
And let the Chriſtian go.
Baſſ. Here is the money.
Por. Soft, the Iew ſhall ha
He ſhall have nothing but the
Grat. O Iew, an upright I
Por. Therefore prepare the
Shed thou no bloud, nor cut t
But juſt a pound of fleſh: if th
Or leſſe then a juſt pound, be
As makes it light or heavie i
Or the diviſion of the twenti
Of one poore ſcruple, nay if t

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Merchant of Venice* (STC 22298) LONDON, 1637 UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH